

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—

JOHN P. SANBORN,

272 Thames, Cor. Pelham St.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1778, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well-selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.50 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news routes in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

THE ARTILLERY OUTING.

A Three Days' Excursion Up the Connecticut River—Perfect Weather and a Delightful Trip—Everybody Pleased.

Notwithstanding the threatening weather of Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday dawned clear and bracing. The members of the Artillery Company and their many friends and admirers were early astir, the former being "warned in" at 7:30 and the latter hurrying to the various points of observation.

The hour for starting was set at 8 o'clock, but as is usual in such cases it was nearly one hour later than this when the boat actually cleared the wharf. The company left the armory shortly after 8 o'clock, fully equipped for the trip, and marched to the residence of Col. Howard Smith where his Excellency Gov. Davis and Col. Peirce were guests, and escorted the distinguished party to the landing amid crowds of admiring friends.

Everything then being in readiness the order to cast off was soon given and as the flag-bedecked boat swung off from her moorings the following guests of the company waved their farewells from the upper decks to friends on the wharf. Gen. A. J. Burdick and lady, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gladding, Col. G. H. Vaughan, Miss Steele, Col. M. Bull, Miss Minnie Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Knoll, Miss Laella Barker, Mrs. J. D. Richardson, Miss Mary Douglass, Miss Lizzie Peckham, Mrs. Geo. W. Thompson, Col. A. P. Sherman, Collector J. H. Cozzens, Capt. John Walters, Councilman W. M. Austin, Messrs. A. G. Crosby, Geo. H. Carr, W. B. Vernon, Chas. T. Smith, John Smith, L. D. Davis, F. M. Hammond, Chas. H. Thurston, H. N. Ward, S. D. DeBlain and others.

The merry party made direct for Hartford, the only stop being at Middletown where an advance committee from the Putnam Phalanx was taken on board. The weather was not only all that could be desired for the trip but the water was smooth, so that seasickness did not appear to mar the pleasure of any.

At the landing in Hartford the boys were met by a large delegation from the Putnam Phalanx who assisted in escorting the governor and staff and other distinguished guests of the visiting company to the Allen House, and then took the military to the Phalanx armory where a sumptuous collation was in waiting. This over, the Artillery boys were escorted back to their boat and the remainder of the evening was enjoyed in an informal manner.

Councilman and Mrs. H. E. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Burlingame, Councilman C. H. Lawton, and others, who had gone by rail, joined in the pleasures of the company the following day, which was devoted to street parading, etc., followed by a grand social and ball in the evening.

The homeward journey was begun yesterday morning, but at the time of going to press the boat was not in sight.

A Man Missing.

A young man about 23 years of age named Thomas Kirkwood has been missing since Friday October 7 from Noel Coggeshall's place in Portsmouth. He had been in Mr. Coggeshall's employ some three years and was an industrious, saving man. That night when he got through his work he lighted his pipe to smoke awhile and afterwards said that he was going to ride. That was the last seen of him. He had no money with him and went away with only his working clothes on. He left a trunk full of clothes, his bank book and money at the house. He is a man of slight build, has a heavy black moustache and is a little lame. He wore a light suit of clothes. His friends fear that he may have drowned himself. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his friends and may be left at this office.

Hon. Geo. H. Norman and family have closed their Newport villa for the season and returned to Boston.

ST. JOSEPH'S NEW PARSONAGE.

Rev. Father Coyle Takes Possession of the New Residence and Gives an Informal Reception to His Wide Circle of Friends.

Rev. Father Coyle moved into the handsome new parochial residence, provided by St. Joseph's parish, on Wednesday and yesterday gave an informal reception to all who might desire to inspect his new house. A large number of persons, irrespective of religious creeds, paid their respects during the day and were shown over the premises which are indeed most convenient and pleasing.

The building, a most attractive and ecclesiastical appearing structure of two-and-a-half stories, is located on Touro street, just west of the church, and measures upon the ground 36x54 feet. A covered portico, with handsome turned columns and carved capitals, denotes the main entrance. Heavy double doors open into a handsome tiled vestibule from which double doors of lighter weight open into the main hall. To the right, in the northwest corner of the building, is a parlor, 13x15 feet, and to the left, in the north east corner, are two smaller rooms, for offices or reception rooms. The hall is here divided by a handsome portiere beyond which, to the right, is a tastefully fitted-up library, measuring 17x19 feet with a bay window and large open fire place. Opposite the library is a small, cosy sitting room, 11x12 feet, and the stairway leading to the second story. Here, too, the main hall opens into another hall which runs at right angles and which opens to the east on a covered way leading to the church vestry and to the west on to a piazza which extends from this juncture to and across the south end of the building. Opening from this latter hall is also the dining room, 13x18 feet, and the kitchen 13x17 feet.

The second story has five large chambers, a library, a bath room, linen closets, etc., and the third story, three chambers and a trunk room. The whole building is heated by steam.

The grounds, which, at the rear and west of the building, are quite extensive, are handsomely graded and attractively laid out.

Certainly, St. Joseph's parish is to be congratulated at being able, thus early in life, to present their beloved pastor with so beautiful a home.

Sold, but not Yet Out of Service.

The Old Colony Steamboat Company have sold their old freight steamer Albatross, to parties in Fall River, at which place she was towed last Monday. Her machinery will be taken out and her hull transformed into a coal-barge. Originally she was built for the Commercial Line of freight steamers between Providence and New York, somewhere about 1855, and during the war she was purchased by the U. S. Government and used as a gunboat with success. After the war was over she was sold to Fall River parties and in 1865, she became the property of what is now known as the Old Colony Steamship Company. She has done good and faithful service in the past and is good for coal service for many years to come.

A Birthday Party.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Hardy, on Victoria avenue, was the scene of much social merriment Thursday evening, the occasion being the 14th anniversary of the birth of their daughter Lillie. Between thirty and forty of the young lady's many friends had assembled and with music and dancing, the playing of games, etc., etc., started her on her 15th year in a most happy mood. Refreshments were served.

The Women's Exchange, on Franklin street, are taking time by the forelock, and are notifying their friends of a special sale during the first week in December. Those ladies who know what is most suitable for presents at Christmas time, should not be slow to avail of this opportunity of sending in to the Franklin street rooms, such articles for both the outer and inner man and woman, as best commend themselves at that holiday season. There is then always a good demand for fancy work, articles of personal use, and choice eatables. In fact, everything from embroidered slippers to preserved cucumbers, is absorbed by the omnivorous public about Christmas time.

Mr. William Oman died at his residence on Fair street, Friday afternoon, in the 72d year of his age. In former years he was engaged in the wood and coal business under the firm name of Seale & Oman, and Oman & Bradford. He was a good citizen, an honest man, and was respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Lucretia Bancroft Farnum, aged 80, a saloon passenger on the steamer Elder, from Bremen died on board, October 8th. Mrs. Farnum was a sister of George Bancroft, the historian, and was enroute to Washington where she was to make her home with him.

Major Randolph, U. S. A., and Mrs. Randolph, are guests of Mrs. Samuel Powell on Bowery street.

A GRAND NAVAL OPERATION.

Coaster's Harbor Island Successfully Attacked.—A Strong but Futile Defense.—Brilliant Weather and Hosts of People.

But for some unfortunate injuries hereafter described the maneuvers and operations on Coaster's Harbor Island on Thursday afternoon may be counted as among the most brilliant and interesting that ever took place within the boundaries of Rhode Island. They were carried out with a success that produced many a compliment for the officers in charge and a very cordial "Well done" from Admiral Luce at whose request the plans were prepared and the operations undertaken. The work of preparing a plan of operation was confided to Major W. R. Livermore, of the Engineer Corps, and Lieut. Tasker H. Bliss, of the U. S. Army, the latter of whom is attached to the War College. These two gentlemen have a wide reputation throughout the service for brilliant accomplishments in their profession, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the affair was the gratifying success in every particular which it proved to be. With a view to furnishing a comprehensive idea of the circumstances which were supposed to exist prior to the attack being made, Major Livermore and Lieut. Bliss prepared for Admiral Luce a statement embodying the principal features, and of this document the following is an extract:—

Assuming that Rhode Island is in possession of the enemy, it is proposed to reduce it by a combined attack by land and water. The fleet has possession of Sakonnet river, and the bridges connecting the north of the island with the mainland are under its control. The North Atlantic squadron, during the night of October 12-13, has forced its way through the Dutch Island passage, and is now anchored a short distance up the bay. Transports, with ten or fifteen thousand men, are expected to arrive in due time in no later than the night of the 15th. Of the enemy's troops now occupying the island, about five thousand are on the eastern shore confronting our fleet in Sakonnet river; fifteen hundred are on the western shore confronting the North Atlantic squadron, and two or three hundred are occupying the city of Newport. Fort Adams is the only defensive work supposed to exist. It is a few feet above high water level, and is a small island, and is heavily armed with guns. It is situated on the eastern shore of the island, and is a few feet above high water level, and is a small island, and is heavily armed with guns.

The accident, reference to which is made above, were most unfortunate. Various suggestions are made as to the cause of them, some declaring that the men must have used ball cartridges, others that they were not properly loaded, and still others that the powder was too old. The accident was a serious one, and it is hoped that the cause will be determined in time.

The attention of young women is called to the advertisement of the Newport Hospital School for nurses. Women desirous of becoming professional nurses may receive a two years' course of instruction at the Newport Hospital. The most suitable age for pupil nurses is from 22 to 35 years. Desirable applicants are received for one probationary month, after which, if accepted as pupils, they sign an obligation to remain two years in the school. The allowance, in addition to a comfortable home, is ten dollars a month the first year, and fourteen dollars the second year. Suitable time is given daily for recreation, and a vacation of two weeks is allowed each year. Beside instruction is given by physicians, and by the superintendent and head nurse. Lectures by the medical staff. Recitations and demonstrations take place from time to time. At the expiration of two years, nurses who are deemed competent, receive the diploma of the school. Graduates thus far have readily found remunerative employment in private nursing or in institutions. The demand upon the school is largely in excess of its power to supply nurses.

An elegant summer residence is to be erected upon the Battery farm, so-called, during the coming winter for Mr. J. W. Auchincloss of New York. The architect, Mr. Robinson of New York, has been in town this week and the contract for the building will be awarded in a few days. The work of digging the cellar and grading the grounds has already begun, Mr. John Gibson having started in with a gang of forty men.

A call is being signed in Middletown and Portsmouth inviting Mr. A. A. Brigham of Massachusetts, Secretary of the State Guard of Patrons of Husbandry, to come to Oakland Hall and explain the objects and benefit of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry with a view to establishing a grange on this island. The meeting when held should be largely attended.

Again Mr. W. A. Peckham's b. m. Lady Emma takes first money. She won three straight heats in the race for four-year-olds at Narragansett Park, Wednesday in 2:31, 2:29 and 2:30.

account of the strong wind prevailing. It had been arranged that the noon day meal should first be partaken of before the operation began, and it was nearly two o'clock, therefore, before the interesting sight of two long flotillas of boats from the North Atlantic Squadron came in view. At a spot near the reservoir on Coaster's Harbor Island, a large crowd of spectators had gathered and watched with deep interest the various movements of the attacking and defending parties.

The flotillas came along with good speed, the marines having the right. Flotilla number one came down to a point on the west side of the island and the men landed with wonderful alacrity and good order being covered from the enemy by the mounds near the beach. The marines were thrown out in three-lines of skirmishers, the men in flotilla number two having meanwhile, successfully landed. For the use of every officer having an individual command, sets of maps of the island had been prepared and on these were marked the position which each command was to take. So that when one command had been executed the officers would see by the succeeding map whether it provided for a change of position by their several commands and if it did not they remained in statu quo.

The defence occupied a strong position towards the south and held it with great tenacity and pluck. The movements of the attacking party were brilliantly executed and without any serious blunder. Some of the manoeuvres were of a most strategic character and the manoeuvre in which they were carried out reflected the highest credit upon all concerned. The discipline was admirable and the regular firing was well done, while the storming of the earthworks near the crest of the hill was splendidly executed. The umpires for the attacking party were Maj. W. R. Livermore of the engineers and Lieut. T. H. Bliss, U. S. A., while Capt. Field of the Fourth artillery and one other army officer umpired for the defence.

The occasion was one that interested a large number of people, and a great many of the cottagers who still linger here viewed the proceedings. Quite a number were upon Coaster's Harbor Island, but many more occupied positions on Coddington Point that were advantageous for sight-seeing.

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Newport in 1775.

(Continued.)

Our extracts concerning what occurred in America previous to the revolution, were discontinued being published in the Newport Mercury in its issue of May 14th, 1887. This delay in the appearance of much which we think will be considered very interesting, was not caused by any want of diligence on our part, but for the reason that from the press of other matters which always occurs during several months of the year, it was impossible for us to obtain the space generally allowed for such information, which we shall continue to furnish until again interrupted by unforeseen events.

Newport Mercury of August 21, 1775.

Extract of a letter from London dated June 18th, 1775. "On the arrival of the news of the defeat and retreat of the detachments under Lord Percy and Col. Smith, the great city was agitated to its centre. The friends to America rejoiced at the noble victory of the Bostonians, and their enemies were abashed at their courage,—grinning horribly at a ghastly smile, as Milton's Devil did in Paradise. The news flew rapidly, and soon caught the ear of an unwise and deluded King. The King, after having heard the news read, asked what more should be pursued to support the dignity of the nation, restore the honor of the British arms, and annihilate the American opposition? Lord North replied, that there were 30,000 troops in Quebec and Canada ready to march to Boston for General Gage's relief; that more men of war should be sent out, and that the Admiral should have positive orders to seize provision vessels for the due supply of the navy and army. He observed that the naval and military formations of the entrance into Boston, with the precautions taken by the General, there was no apprehension of any attack, for in fact it could not be stormed. Upon this futile opinion, instructions were immediately despatched to Gage, to order the Regulars from Quebec, and to march the militia of Canada, as well as to obtain the necessary supply of provisions by seizing the American vessels at sea or in the harbors. To facilitate this accused plan, the General is to assure the officers of the King's determination to promote them, and to stimulate the soldiers to acts of butchery, their pay is to be increased—to which purpose £40,000 was sent off last night to Boston.

"The General has positive orders to destroy the magazines, to spike up the cannon, to order the riot act to be read, and to see the King's standard immediately withdrawn. What information possesses this nation! You and I, who know the strength of America and the consolidated union of its inhabitants, must laugh at their threats, and despise their shallow schemes. But whilst they are forming this impracticable plan of extracting 30,000 troops from Canada, they dread the arrival of the packet, because, were it to come, it would undo the credulous contradictions of the facts announced, they cannot help believing that General Gage and his army are even now either cut off, or ignominiously constrained to retreat into the castle, or on board of the men of war."

"This evening some of the principal Common Council men met, to revive and effectually equip the Militia of London, which consists of the one hundred and twenty men, in order to co-operate with the Americans, in forcing a relinquishment of the present infernal politics, and in supporting constitutional liberty throughout the British dominions."

London, June 12, 1775. We are informed, that four vessels, containing about 700 emigrants, have sailed for America, from port Glasgow and Greenock, in the course of the last and preceding week. Most of these emigrants are from the North Highlands; and it is said, two vessels have sailed for that country, in order to carry over more.

Watertown, Aug. 14, 1775. Since Monday morning last, eight companies of rifle-men, consisting of about 100 men, each, from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, have arrived here. Four more are daily expected. They are an excellent body of troops, and appear to be a man heartily disposed to prosecute, with the utmost resolution and vigor, the noble cause in which they are engaged.

The rifle-men commanded by Capt. Daniel Morgan, of Frederick county in Virginia, which is about 80 miles from this place, arrived here in three weeks. Friday last was conducted to this town by an escort commanded by Captain Melcher, the officers and crews of the armed cutters, Margaretta, Diligent and their tenders, taken at Machias, together with that noted friend to government, Ichabod Jones, formerly of Boston, and a staunch friend to that infernal traitor to his country Thomas Hutchinson. Capt. Moore, of the Margaretta was killed in the engagement. Capt. Knight, Lieut. Spiry, five Midshipmen and Warrant officers, together with 17 privates belonging to the above vessels, were here on view of the more interior parts of this colony.

We hear that last Thursday afternoon a number of rifle-men killed 2 or 3 of the regulars as they were relieving the centries at the Charlestown lines.

We are informed that last Thursday evening returned to Boston, after about 2 weeks cruise, twelve Transports (having on board about 100 ministerial butchers) under convoy of three men of war. During their cruise they plundered and pillaged about 1130 sheep and 30 head of cattle off Fisher's and Gardner's Islands near New London, tho' 'tis said after they were secured they tendered payment. 'Tis also said they took and carried in with them an outward bound vessel with about 40 head of cattle, and 30 sheep. With this trophy of victory on their arrival at Boston, the bells were rung, were set to music, to the no small joy and rejoicing of the Tories there.

We hear that in consequence of letters sent from Thomas Gage to the Governor of Halifax, the Rev. Mr. Simeon Howard, late pastor of the West Church in Boston, has been apprehended, tried, and honorably acquitted, but for what crime or offence, we have not heard.

A very intelligent soldier, belonging to the 24th regiment, who deserted from the enemy last week, and who is known by several gentlemen in our army, we are well informed, made oath before his Excellency General Washington,

that according to the most exact account there were killed of the enemy at the battle at Bunker's Hill and since died of their wounds then received, 6 field officers, 32 captains, 52 subalterns, 55 sergeants, 13 drummers, and 240 privates; in the whole when he left the regular army 1057; and it was thought 300 more, officers and privates, would die of their wounds.

Newport August, 21, 1775. Last Thursday evening the Beacon at Providence was set on fire, by way of experiment, that the townsfolk might know its bearings, and what course to look for it in future, and was very plainly observed from various parts of this town, which is just about 30 miles from Providence. At the same time another beacon at East Greenwich was very visible here.

Last Friday arrived here the King-fisher ship of war, and yesterday again sailed on a cruise.

The same day sailed for Liverpool, the ship Friendship, Capt. Thomas Roberts with whom went passengers William Brooks Simpson, Esq. and Doct. Casneau.

JAMES C. SWAN.
(To be continued.)

Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course.

Next Tuesday evening, October 18, at 8 o'clock, the Young Men's Christian Association give their first regular entertainment. Rev. Wm. Jacob will lecture on "Famous Hymns and Hymn Writers," a subject full of interest and one that Mr. Jacob has carefully studied. Members of the Association are entitled to bring a friend, either lady or gentleman, with them. Tickets admitting them can be obtained at the office of the Association. Some complimentary tickets will also be given as long as they last to any who will ask for them. The lecture will be given in the Association's lecture room.

Y. M. C. A. Sunday Meeting.

A large number of men, (over one hundred) has gathered the three past Sunday evenings at the men's meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association lecture room. The services have been interesting and varied. Music forms a large portion and brief addresses complete the order of exercises. Next Sunday Mr. W. D. Barclay will lead and the subject is found in 1 Cor. 1:30, "The Lord Our Righteousness." A cordial invitation to all men to attend, is given. The services lasts only three-quarters of an hour and begins at 8 o'clock.

A New Departure.

The Old Colony Railroad Company are now running parlor cars from Newport to Boston on the 7.20, 10.20 A. M. and 2.55 P. M. trains, and the charge for seats has been reduced to 25c. to all points. This new departure should be encouraged by the patronage of the traveling public.

Hon. Isaac Bell, Jr., our minister to the Netherlands, arrived in this city Wednesday night on a brief visit. This is the first time that he has been home since he was appointed to the position he holds. His visit now will be but a short one for he sails for the Hague again on the 20th of this month. His many old friends in this city have given him a warm greeting.

A valuable horse belonging to Archie Burdick took flight on Floward st. at, Wednesday night, and running down Aquidneck Wharf, went overboard and was drowned. Messrs. John Gibson and Joseph Pierson, who were in the team when the horse started, were thrown out and considerably bruised, though no bones were broken.

The Rev. Mahlon Van Horne and Mrs. Van Horne will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Thursday next, and we are requested to say that they will be pleased to receive all their friends on that occasion at 47 John street from 7 to 11 o'clock P. M.

Harvest concert will be held by the Sunday school of the Union Congregational Church at 7.30 P. M. to-morrow. Subject "The Lessons of the Fading Leaves." The American Board and its work will be the subject at 3 P. M.

Through the kindness and ingenuity of one of its members, Mr. Lot Richardson, Roger Williams Lodge, Sons of St. George, is provided with a handsome president's chair. The presentation was made at Tuesday evening's meeting.

Some twenty or thirty members of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and a few friends gathered about the "campfire" Wednesday evening. An excellent clam chowder was partaken of and interesting stories told.

Capt Charles H. West and Comrades Geo. S. Freeborne, James Seaman, Frank James and Louis Deegan represented Gen. A. G. Lawrence Camp at the annual meeting of the Sons of Veterans in Tawton.

The Newport Branch of the U. S. Naval Institute held an exceedingly interesting meeting at the Torpedo Station Wednesday evening, Commander Goodrich presiding.

Mr. H. F. Eldridge, of this city, is visiting friends in the "Old Granite State."

Mr. Thos. G. S. Turner and family have removed to Providence.

COAL.

Just discharged from Schooner James C. Clifford, 600 tons extra Red Ash Coal.

GARFIELD Coal.

STOVE, EGG AND CHESTNUT of this

Celebrated Coal to arrive.

AGENTS FOR NEWPORT.

Haddock's-Plymouth.

Best White Ash Coal in this market.

We are exclusive agents for

PLYMOUTH W. A. COAL.

Bennett, Lincoln, Brookside,

Lehigh, Wilkesbarre and.

Bituminous Coal

Always on hand, and for sale at lowest

market quotations.

Gardiner B. Reynolds

& CO.

Coal carefully prepared and promptly

delivered. No extra charge for

blowing.

CITY BRIEFS.

Notings of Newport and Newporters.

Dr. Annie News has returned from

Europe and is in town.

Mr. G. Mead Tooker and family, of

Newport, will winter abroad.

Mrs. Milton H. Sanford has gone to

Europe for the winter.

Caswell, Massey & Co., will close

their Bellevue avenue store to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Freeborne, of

this city, have gone to Florida.

Sergeant Griffith, of the Newport

police force, is enjoying a ten days' vacation in New York State.

Lieut. H. F. Fickbohn, U. S. N., has

been transferred from the New Hampshire to the Enterprise.

Alderman T. P. Peckham has left

town for a short vacation in the hope of

improving his health.

Mr. A. L. Duncan of England has

been the guest of Governor Wetmore this week.

Patrolman McCormick of the New

port police force is absent on a ten-days' furlough.

Mr. C. M. Oelrichs has returned

from his Western cattle ranch and is at his cottage on Kay street.

Mr. W. A. Ward, one of our letter

carriers, is enjoying a well-earned vacation.

Mr. George Cozzens and daughter

are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Cozzens on Howard avenue.

Mrs. Asa T. Lawton, and family and

Mrs. E. J. Swan have gone to Stamford, Conn., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. John E. O'Neill, the efficient

cashier of Adams Express Co. in this city, has returned from his annual vacation.

Gen. Count de Beaumont and his son,

Viscount de Beaumont, are among the distinguished guests who have been at Hartmann's this week.

Rev. Henry Hanson, pastor of the

Swedish Mission, attended the Ministers' Meeting at Quincy, Mass., this week.

Mr. Walter S. Nichols and daughter,

of Brooklyn, N. Y., are in town, the guests of Mr. Nichols' sisters on Marlboro' street.

Mrs. McCabe fell from the second

story window of her residence on Bath road Sunday morning and was seriously injured.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Topham of

this city, have gone to Frankfort, N. Y., for a three weeks' visit among friends.

Mr. L. D. Davis and Mr. Fred M.

Hammett, the editors of the Daily News, are both away enjoying their annual vacation. They accompanied the Artillery Company to Hartford but do not expect to return for several days yet.

In The Mercury Window.

A squash weighing 77 pounds, raised

Poetry.

Our Legend—B. Pluribus Unum.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

The legend set upon our shield
Brings with it grand old things. All in one,
Honors weld, souls together run
At white heat on the battle-field.

One shining way for all to take,
One oath, one hope, one purpose grand,
One flag for all in all the land,
Uplifted by all for freedom's sake.

One sign set in the central sky,
Read of all men alike, a name
Written in empyrean flame
By the bold hand of Destiny!

That legend taught could dim or mar;
Though bathed in tears and hid in smoke,
From the focal storm it broke,
A bow above the cloud of war.

We read it pensively and knew
Some element of precious gain
Had come to it from wounds and pain,
And mightily its meaning grew.

And so we keep upon our shield
The deathless legend: All in one,
Honors weld, souls together run
At white heat on the battle-field.

A myriad souls, together thrown
Across old gulfs of hate and blood,
Like sunlight in the drumbeat,
And round the world in triumph blown.

Our sturdy unity of stars
Three men a many masterhood,
Our law of love engrossed in blood
Is sealed with burning battle-scar.

—The American Magazine.

The Autumn Fields of Poetry.

BY LOUISE PHILLIPS.

Over the purple haze
A fragrant wafting breeze
Comes from some land of the South;
Where tall and vernal pine
Gives out a breath like wine,
And sweeps to kiss the crocus's scarlet mouth.

Across the rippling lake
The light in bluish breaks
From russet sails with white clouds mottled
Or grey;
While billows rise and fall
Against the broken wall,
Or greet with only ebbing the ebbing shore.

Afar in misty wood,
Whereat trees have stood,
And kept their watch and ward for ages past;
Dead leaves of rusted brown
Reluctantly drop down,
As if they knew on earth they'd looked their last.

A dreamy, golden haze
Brings over all the day,
And tints the outlines that will soon be blank;
While in our breasts will wake
A first we cannot shake
For a vague something that we vainly seek.

Selected Tale.

DIANA.

Few people were better liked in Dinsford than Miss Hardwicke, the daughter of the manor. She was kind-hearted to a fault, hospitable, and generous. She was handsome, too, and came of a good old family. Besides all these claims to popularity she had five thousand a year in her own right, which, you may be sure, did not make her any the less popular. It was entirely her own fault that at the age of sixty-seven she was still Miss Hardwicke, for her admirers had been legion. The admirers of single ladies with five thousand a year, indeed, not far to seek, as a rule; but Miss Hardwicke in her young days, with her bonny face and her warm, impulsive heart, was a bargain no man need have regretted, even had those possessions been her only dower.

People said they wondered at her living alone in the grim-looking Manor—for it was a grim old mansion, though the grounds were like fairyland—and a few sage gossips had been heard to predict, with many headshakings and somewhat vague phrasology, that some day the poor dear old lady would find herself murdered in her bed. For the Hardwicke diamonds and family plate were famous all over the country, and Miss Hardwicke, being a woman, and therefore self-willed, would not take the advice of her friends and well-wishers and consign those valuables to the safe keeping of the bank. Indeed, to all appearance the old lady's jewels and plate were the source of much keener anxiety to other people than to their possessor.

"What was the use of the solid old safe set into the wall in the east corridor," she would ask placidly, "if one could not have all one's belongings under one's own hand? At any rate there they remained, secure and unmoiled."

On the April night on which my story opens Miss Hardwicke was in quite an excited frame of mind, for she expected a visitor. Not that visitors were anything unusual at Dinsford Manor; but this visitor was the daughter of Miss Hardwicke's last surviving male relative, namely, her nephew, James Dare, who had sailed for America twenty years ago, married there, and quite recently died there. His aunt had heard nothing of him since he left England until the letter arrived—written a few days before his death—begging her to be a friend to his only child, Diana. Miss Hardwicke's heart warmed to this girl whom she had never seen, and she counted the days until her arrival with almost childish impatience and longing. Diana was not, however, the letter said—to prove to her aunt's satisfaction, on her arrival in England, but to spend a short time in Southampton with a sister of her mother's. So Miss Hardwicke had been both surprised and delighted on the morning of this April day to receive a telegram from her grand-niece, saying that she had just arrived in Liverpool, and would come straight on to Dinsford, arriving about seven o'clock. The old lady, therefore, had been very busy all day, superintending, with loving care, the arrangement of the pretty rooms which were to be occupied by the homeless stranger.

"So nice of the dear child," she mused, as she slowly paced up and down in the freight, "to come straight here instead of going to Southampton. I wonder if James has talked of me to her. Poor James! He was always a fine, warm-hearted fellow. I feel I shall love the dear girl."

As she glanced at the timepiece for the twentieth time in as many minutes, carriage wheels were heard clattering on the drive, and a few moments afterwards the hall bell clanged loudly. Miss Hardwicke hastened into the hall, trembling with excitement. A tall, erect, built girl was just entering, muffled in heavy wrappings.

"Dear, dear Aunt Clemency," she spoke she threw herself into the old lady's arms, and sobbed convulsively.

Aunt Clemency's kind heart was utterly taken by her grief, and then there she took the long girl into her affections forever. And indeed Diana was very winning and lovable. She was a handsome girl, too, with well-cut, rather large features, thick brown hair, cut short in the then prevailing fashion, and a pair of splendid, heavily-lashed dark eyes. But handsomer as she was her principal charm was her manner. Frank, loving, and impulsive, there was a quaint air of almost boyish captivation about her which was irresistibly captivating. She looked quite twenty, but in reality, as her aunt knew, she was only seventeen. Her conversation was bright and original, and by the time dinner was over Miss Hardwicke

felt as though they had known each other for years.

"Am I like my father, do you think, Auntie?" Diana asked, as they sat in the drawing room after dinner.

"Well, dear," replied the old lady, "I can hardly tell. It is so long since I saw your poor father. But there is a look in your eyes that reminds me of what he was as a boy."

"I had a splendid portrait of my father," went on Diana, lifting her clear dark eyes to her aunt's "and letters and papers, and that. But do you know, I lost the bag they were in on board the steamer or between the docks and the railway station at Liverpool. I was provoked, because I was a witness to some little incident, and I know if you would take it strange niece on her own credentials."

"My dear!" said her aunt deprecatingly.

"I came over with a queer girl," went on Diana, looking dreamily into the fire. "I quite liked her at first. She had soft dark eyes, something like yours, and a pretty confiding kind of manner. She was—well, but-looking, if she had not a deep scar right across her left eyebrow. She said she had fallen and cut it when a child. Well, at first we were great friends and quite confidential. I told her I was coming here to you, and all that, and then she told me about herself. She said she was quite alone in the world and was going to be—let me see—I think she said an actress."

Miss Hardwicke looked very grave.

"What a queer girl," she remonstrated, "what a most objectionable acquaintance for you! I hope and trust that you—"

"Wait a minute, auntie," interrupted the girl, laughing. "By and by we had a kind of row" (certainly Diana's expressions were a little strong)—"because—well, I went into my cabin, which was a little one I had all to myself, and found her with my bag open on the chair. I lost a letter, and said some rather rude things; and she cried and told some fearful lies which of course did not deceive me. So we were rather cool after that. But it struck me as odd that that bag should disappear, because it had all my spare money in it. You see I never used to lock up things, but I will after this."

"Quite right," said Miss Hardwicke impressively. "We must never let temptation in a fellow-creature's way. And, my dear, you should not enter into conversation with strangers. A young girl cannot be too careful in travelling alone. I have no doubt she was some low, dishonest creature, whose object from the first was to steal the money," concluded the old lady, with unvarnished meanness.

"Do you think she took it, then?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Oh, dear! I think there is but little doubt of it."

"I guess you wouldn't have thought that if you could have seen her," said Diana, shaking her head thoughtfully.

"She was such a sweet, innocent-looking little thing! And yet it seemed queer, too."

"But, Diana," said aunt Clemency in anxious tones, "I hope you had enough money to bring you comfortably home."

"Well, I hadn't much," returned the girl frankly. "But I got along. I say, auntie, she went on after a minute or two, 'you weren't vexed at my coming straight here instead of going as I ought to have done, to see my mother's people, were you? You see,' with a wistful upward look, 'father had talked so much of you, and I felt lonely, and so—so—came. Somewhere,' in a low voice, 'I felt it would be more like coming home.'"

The old lady colored with pleasure.

"Vexed, my dear?" she replied.

"Most certainly not. I am only too glad to learn you were prepared to love your old auntie. I hope you won't find it very dull here. Though, to be sure, there are plenty of nice young people within walking and driving distance."

"Oh, I don't care much about young people," observed Diana. "Poor father and I were always together, you know, and we had many friends."

A long conversation followed regarding the girl's home life in America, and her passionate love for her dear father. All so simply and touchingly told that the old lady's eyes overflowed more than once. Then there was a long silence, broken abruptly by Diana.

"Whose portrait is that?" she asked, pointing to a photograph which stood on the mantelpiece.

"That is my good-nephew, Chester Lennox," returned Miss Hardwicke, with some pride. "He is a barrister, very clever, and the dearest fellow in the world."

Diana took down the frame and gazed at the portrait attentively. It represented a young man with a quiet, clever-looking face, a dark mustache, and keen, rather deep-set eyes.

"Does he ever come here?" the girl asked, as she replaced the frame again.

"Yes, often. I expect he may be down next week."

"Did he know I was coming?"

"Why, yes, my dear, of course. He quite looks forward to knowing you."

"Perhaps he won't like me," observed Diana gravely.

"He is sure to like you," returned the old lady, leaning back in her chair with a little smile.

"You remember me of some old picture, Aunt Clemency," said the girl softly, after a pause, turning her great eyes almost reverently on her companion.

"With your black velvet gown and soft lace cap and your lovely dark eyes and white hair. Ah, forgive me for being so blunt," she added quickly.

"We Americans are blunt you know," but the old lady blushed and looked pleased at her niece's outspoken admiration. She thought the girl looked like a picture herself, as she sat there with her flushed cheeks and shining eyes. Soon after this both ladies went to bed. But Miss Hardwicke was far too excited to sleep for some time. Indeed, she lay awake half the night thinking what an exquisite arrangement it would be if by and by her godson and this charming young girl were to marry each other. And how, in that case, she would persuade them to make their home at the Manor, and would insist on doubling Chester's income—just to say, that some what selfish young man would often receive.

"Poor Chester," she thought, compassionately; "he works so hard, and is so foolishly proud and obstinate about money matters. Very likely while I am comfortably in bed he is sitting wearily studying those dreadful law books and wearing himself to death, poor fellow!" As a matter of fact, Chester Lennox was at that precise moment attending a convivial meeting at his club, with other choice spirits, and he was himself very much advanced in the morning. But his godmother, dear innocent soul, did not know this; so she continued her benevolent plans for the lightening of his arduous duties and for his transformation into a Benedict with an earnestness which would have amused him mightily could he have divined her thoughts. And as Aunt Clemency lay drowsily in the freight her thoughts wandered about her which was irresistibly captivating. She looked quite twenty, but in reality, as her aunt knew, she was only seventeen. Her conversation was bright and original, and by the time dinner was over Miss Hardwicke

fell asleep.

As the days went on the affection between the aunt and niece became more firmly cemented than ever. Diana, with a little brusque in her manner at times, was a most intelligent and fascinating companion; and such of the little of Dinsford who had called at the Manor since her arrival were pleased to observe that "she was a charming, unaffected girl." She had accompanied her aunt to one or two of the rather ponderous "social evenings" given by some of their nearest neighbors, and had looked exceedingly handsome and distinguished. Of course, as Diana was still in deep mourning for her father, she attended more lively entertainments and more numerous tea parties and the like. The girls all declared her "a dear," but—at this, they could not but marvel, and try to feel indignant—she had not been much sought after by any of the young men at these gatherings. This, however, seemed to trouble her not at all. She liked girls twice as well as men, she declared; there were far better fun.

When Diana had been nearly three weeks at the Manor, and had become well acquainted with all the family, a young man, very like his portrait, with a pleasant voice, and a smile which, if it was rare, was attractive enough when it did come to make one regret its rarity. He did not betray an excessive admiration of Diana; indeed, much to his godmother's disappointment, he did not affect her society at all. Perhaps the girl felt his deference, for at first she seemed less than usual, and unconcerned in his presence, and rarely addressed him voluntarily. But this soon wore off, and she treated him with an offhand cavalier fashion which annoyed him, and bored him for the old lady's sake.

"What do you think of her, Chester?" asked Miss Hardwicke one afternoon, a few days after her godson's arrival, when Diana had gone to her room to write some letters.

"She is a handsome girl," he answered, carelessly. "Rather free and easy in her manner, isn't she?"

"Oh, but in America girls are brought up differently, you know," Miss Hardwicke hastened to say, in deprecating tones.

"Are they?" he answered dryly.

"They are brought up as ladies, I hope."

"Why, Chester, of course. What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, carefully knocking the ashes of his cigar, (they were walking up and down the open space in front of the terrace.) "I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but I cordially detest fast, masquerading girls, and I think Miss Dare is at times the reverse of ladylike. For one thing, I happened to come down the east corridor a little way behind her this morning, when she suddenly caught her gown on the heel of her shoe and nearly measured her length on the floor. Hastening to her assistance, I was petrified by hearing her use language which from the lips of a man would have been—well—strong, to say the least of it, but from a lady was simply appalling. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course she blushed and stammered some excuse, but, by Jove, that sort of thing takes a good deal of excusing."

Miss Hardwicke looked troubled and uneasy.

"Yes, I remember I once did hear her say—excuse me," she said, hesitatingly; "but she seemed so sorry and ashamed directly, and explained that it was a bad habit she had got into, and that her poor father had frequently used those expressions. She promised not to do it again."

"It was not 'excuse me' she said upon this occasion," observed Mr. Lennox, calmly. "Nothing at all like it. Another thing, by the way, I found her the other day yesterday, laughing and joking in the most familiar manner with Jorkins. (Jorkins was the coachman.) 'Now,' continued the young man seriously, 'if—she doesn't know what good breeding is, I think it is high time some one gave her a hint.'"

"You have taken a dislike to her, Chester," said his godmother, with a little sigh. "And I had hoped—had thought of your marrying her, you know. I have been very anxious to see you settled in a good position. Diana, who had quite recovered her usual good spirits, begged to be allowed to accompany him.

"I will help to carry the box," she said, laughing and, besides, I do so want to see the inside of that safe. You know, auntie, you said I might."

"What a curious key!" said Diana, watching attentively as Chester fitted it into the lock. "You have to press a little knob somewhat above, haven't you? It is like a key turn."

"Yes," said Chester, smiling. "Who told you?"

"Auntie told me. She said no one knew the secret of it but herself and you. But as I am one of the family, she told me, too." And Diana nodded her head with a pretty air of importance.

As she spoke the door of the safe swung slowly back and Chester stepped in. The safe itself was set into the wall, and was about the size of a very small room. As the Hardwicke plate and jewelry were kept in it, it was naturally a very important part of the house. Diana, who had been so much interested in the safe, was now looking at the contents with a keen interest. The safe was filled with jewelry, and a small box containing the jewels had a special corner for itself.

Chester, having deposited the box in its corner, turned to his companion, who still stood in the corridor.

"Would you like to come in?" he said, holding out his hand and feeling, really vexed with himself for his unbecomingly familiar manner, "this lovely girl, who seemed to try so hard to be so gentle and conventional. 'Take care. Neither you nor I can stand up right here.'"

Diana entered cautiously, for the ceiling was low, and Chester exerted himself so far as to unroll from their wrappings the curiously-shaped punch bowls, flagons, candlesticks, etc., and to relate the many quaint legends concerning them which he had descended, as he related itself, through countless generations. Diana was deeply interested; but the lock, with its concealed spring, and curious action, seemed to take her fancy almost more than anything. She made Lennox show her the working of the spring again and again, and thanked him very prettily as they went slowly down the broad staircase together. And he, strangely constituted young man, felt extraordinarily conscious that in spite of her beauty and womanly ways he certainly did not like her. At least, well, he was not sure.

And Diana, naughty Diana, was smiling mischievously. Why?

For two days after the "diamond show," as Diana called it, her aunt noticed that she always made a point of meeting the postman morning and evening at the foot of the avenue. On the third day she entered the morning room just after breakfast with rather a heightened color and with an open letter in her hand. Miss Hardwicke was alone, Chester having gone round to the stables. Diana handed her aunt a small bundle of letters, then, nervously turning the paper she held, she said in a low voice:

"Auntie, may I speak to you about something?"

"Certainly, my dear. You do not need to ask that, I should think? What is it, child?"

The girl hesitated, then said frankly:

deadly pale, and the dear Diana had spoken of stood out distinctly against her fair skin.

"Do you not remember me?" said Diana, with an accent of compassion in her young voice, and a shocked, troubled look in her eyes.

"—I never saw you before," stammered the other in some confusion.

But Miss Hardwicke had heard enough.

"You need not try to impose upon me, you shameless woman!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I know who you are, and all about you! Go at once, or I shall send for a constable to remove you!"

The stranger looked indignantly at her; then said in indignant tones:

"Certainly I shall go. I have no wish to intrude where I am not wanted. Good afternoon, madam." And with a slight bow she got into the fly again and was driven rapidly away.

During dinner Mr. Lennox was informed of this bare-faced attempted imposture, and he reproved Miss Dare gravely for having allowed herself to be so easily imposed upon. He said that Miss Hardwicke glanced at her godson reproachfully, and that gentleman himself looked rather uncomfortable.

Diana did not appear in the drawing room for some time, and was very quiet and subdued all the rest of the evening. Chester did his best to make up for what he felt had been unbecomingly harshness, but without avail.

"You must forgive me," he said, quite touched by her evident dejection. "I did not mean to vex you so deeply. I spoke hastily and perhaps unjustly."

"Oh, you were quite right," she answered with a little sigh. She was sitting on a low chair near the fire, her hands clasped in her lap. She despised fancy work of all kinds, and possessed the art of sitting perfectly idle in an easy picturesque manner. Chester was certainly not in love with her; nevertheless, he could not but acknowledge that, if a little wanting in womanly grace and gentleness, she was, notwithstanding these deficiencies, a strikingly handsome young creature. And he had never seen her look so womanly as she did to-night.

When Miss Hardwicke awoke from her usual after-dinner nap she proposed that—in accordance with a promise which it appeared she had made Diana some time ago—the famous diamonds should be unearthed from the safe and brought down stairs. Accordingly Chester was instructed with the key and the safe was unlocked, and he assisted him in bringing down the brass-bound box containing the jewels. They certainly were splendid diamonds, and as case after case was opened and their contents flashed and scintillated in the lamplight Diana drew a deep breath of admiration.

"Oh, auntie, they are matchless—magnificent!" the astonished girl said in a low voice. "I have often heard my father speak of them, but I never dreamed they were anything like that."

The old lady was pleased at the evident impression her treasures created.

"Come here, my dear," she said with a loving smile. And making the girl kneel before her she clasped the superb necklace round the slender throat, and insisted on trying the effect of the whole suite. Even Chester uttered an involuntary expression of intense admiration at the result. Diana's cheeks were flushed to a deep pink, her splendid dark eyes shone like stars under their thick lashes. The fiery jewels gleamed in her hair, on her ears, on waist, neck, arms, and fingers, contrasting effectively with the flimsy black gown she wore, and flashing out quivering rays of light like a thousand fireflies. She looked like some Eastern Queen.

When the diamonds were again consigned to their velvet bed, Chester, at his godmother's request, took them upstairs again. Diana, who had quite recovered her usual good spirits, begged to be allowed to accompany him.

"I will help to carry the box," she said, laughing and, besides, I do so want to see the inside of that safe. You know, auntie, you said I might."

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"Auntie, may I speak to you about something?"

"Certainly, my dear. You do not need to ask that, I should think? What is it, child?"

The girl hesitated, then said frankly:

"I have something to tell you, auntie. Something I ought to have told you before."

Miss Hardwicke looked vaguely alarmed.

"Well, dear?" she said anxiously.

"—I ought to have told you before now!" stammered the girl, "that I have a lover—that I am engaged to be married!"

The old lady did not speak for a few moments. She was conscious of a keen pang of disappointment, for she thought she had observed an alteration in her godson's manner to the wayward Diana during the last few days, and had hoped great things. For was not that love the most lasting which began with a "little aversion"? Then a sudden hope inspired her.

"My dear," leaning eagerly forward, "is it—yes, is it Chester?"

"Chester?" repeated Diana. Then the excited girl burst into a wild peal of hysterical laughter. "Oh, forgive me," she gasped, controlling herself with an effort. "But I could not help thinking how disgusted poor Mr. Lennox would be if you suggested that he ever married me! Oh, auntie, I am—my lover's name is Clarence Lorimer. He is a good bit older than I am, and, shyly, 'very fond of me. Father liked him.'"

Miss Hardwicke's interest was aroused.

"My nephew approved of the engagement, then?" she said. "But, Diana, why did you not tell me before?"

"I was afraid to keep it a secret," said the girl simply. "Until Clarence could make a home for me. Father thought it best. But I have just had this letter from him, in which he says—'But please read it auntie.'"

"Oh, my dear," said the old lady, much pleased, "but—Mr. Lorimer. Will he like that?"

"Oh, yes. I've told him all about you, and how very good you have been to me."

So Miss Hardwicke put on her spectacles and read Diana's love letter. It was a tender, manly epistle, and sensible without. Miss Hardwicke felt sure she should like the writer.

"You sly little puss!" she said, as she folded it up. "So that was the reason you always met the postman." Then, after a minute, "Diana, do you think Mr. Lorimer would care to come here for a little time? He would find it quiet, of course, for Chester leaves us in a few days; but," mischievously, "perhaps you could manage to amuse him, eh?"

Diana's face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, auntie, do you mean it?"

"Of course, my dear. You are my child now, and where should you receive your affianced husband if not here? He is in Liverpool, he says, does he not? I shall write a little note for you to incite in yours. My dear, dear child, I trust you will be very happy. And the old lady drew the girl into her arms and kissed her.

Diana's flushed face wrote to say that she would be delighted to visit Dinsford Manor; and he arrived within twenty-four hours after his letter. He was a tall, powerfully built man of about forty, dark, and of a rather coarse expression of countenance. Lennox mentally set him down as "a real" and even Miss Hardwicke felt a strange shock of disappointment, and sighed as she contrasted him with her distinguished-looking godson. I may as well acknowledge, by the way, that the latter made himself as disagreeable to the new-comer as a gentleman can be without ceasing to be a gentleman. But Mr. Lorimer did not seem to resent this at all; indeed it appeared to amuse him rather than otherwise. He had an only, naive manner, too, peculiarly aggravating to Chester, who, for his part, wondered what any girl could see in the fellow. Not that he had the slightest feeling of jealousy in the matter; on the contrary, in spite of his late efforts to "do the polite" to Diana, he felt himself more unaccountably repelled by that young lady than ever. Nor did the following little scene tend to increase his respect for her. One warm sunny afternoon he came upon the engaged pair in the last part of the wood. They did not see him, and continued their conversation uninterrupted. He observed, to his disgust, that Diana was smoking—not a cigarette, as he knew she frequently did, but a very well flavored cigar. She was

(Continued on third page.)

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The Mercury.

JOHN F. SANDHORN, Editor and Proprietor.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

The President has done some extensive swinging round the circle this week.

The Massachusetts campaign is looking very encouraging for the Republicans. They will probably win this year without half trying.

The New York Sun thinks if the Democrats do not win in New York, this fall it will be the fault of President Cleveland.

How about that extra session of the General Assembly? Will the Telegram please tell us when it proposes to have it called?

Henry George is carrying on a vigorous campaign in New York. He is pushing the fight through the agricultural portion of the state as well as in the larger cities and towns. The George vote is the uncertain element that makes New York politics decidedly interesting just now.

The statement in the Daily News that the prohibitionists are trying to build up a party and that they will accept no compromise with the Republican party, however good may be the candidates put up by the Republicans shows that they care more for party than they do for the cause of temperance.

The boom for Gen. Phil Sheridan for the Republican nomination for the Presidency seems to be growing with considerable rapidity. If properly nourished it may develop into a nomination in June next. Stranger things have happened. Little Phil would draw the boys. He showed twenty five years ago that he could run well when headed towards the enemy.

The Massachusetts mayors must be a jolly set. A week or two ago they all dined with the mayor of Worcester. This week it was the turn of the mayor of Lawrence. The salaries of these valuable officials will have to be increased to pay their travelling expenses if this thing is kept up. When Dr. Garvin's "Town Mayor" bill becomes a law in this State, Rhode Island can have a junketing mayors' club that can do justice to the ordinary banquet.

The Providence Journal seems to have no bowels of compassion for friend or foe. It has abused its foes for a long time, now it turns upon its friends. It strived for months to elect Colonel Honey Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island. Before it fairly got him elected it commenced to abuse him, and has kept it up ever since. We take very little stock in the Democratic Lieutenant Governor, but we greatly fear that if the Journal keeps on it will make a popular man of him. Constant abuse of any man will beget friends for the man instead of enemies.

The positions of Edward Burgess and Gen. Paice among the yachtsmen and makers of this country, if not of the world, are now well recognized. From all such sides comes such words of acknowledgement as this from the Hartford Courant: "There are many richer men in New York, who own pretentious yachts. There is not one with so admirable a history as General Paice, and the whole New York Yacht club has done far less for the cause of American yachting than he. He belongs to the quiet class of rich, patriotic and cultivated men who never do discredit to their nation at home or abroad."

The Virginia officials in carrying out their policy to cheat their creditors out of their just dues have come across a judge who dares to do his duty fearlessly. Judge Bond of the United States Circuit Court issued a temporary injunction restraining the Attorney General of that state from bringing action against those bond-holders who refused to pay their taxes except with coupons on the Virginia debt. This injunction the officer disobeyed. Thereupon the judge fined him \$500. The Attorney General of the repudiating state hoping to make political capital by the action refused to pay the fine and is now passing his days and nights in jail. It is a good place for him, and most law abiding citizens will not grieve if he has to stay there till spring.

The Republicans of the Western Congressional district, in Pawnee on Thursday nominated Warren O. Arnold of Gloucester as the Republican candidate for Congress. On the informal ballot, Mr. Arnold received 33 votes to 15 for Enos Lapham, 8 for W. W. Blodgett, 6 for Prof. Alonzo Williams, 3 for ex-Governor Littlefield and 2 for Samuel Clark. On the formal ballot Arnold had 33 and Prof. Williams 15. The convention was a harmonious one and the delegates evinced a determination to carry the district if possible. Hon. H. B. Metcalf made a stirring address, and Hon. H. L. Ballou of Woonsocket as chairman of the Committee on resolutions introduced a platform upon which every law abiding citizen in Rhode Island can stand.

Obituary.

Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, well known throughout New England as the "Pioneer's Friend" and prominent in the cause of temperance, died suddenly in New Brunswick, on Sunday last, in the 68th year of his age. He formerly commanded one of the old Portland and Boston steamers, and afterward was a member of the firm of Ross & Sturdivant, brokers, in Portland, and agent of the Portland & Machias Steamboat Company. In temperance work he accompanied Francis Murphy for some time. His remains were interred from his late residence in Providence, on Thursday last.

School Committee.

The regular meeting of the school board was held Monday evening. There was a full board present with the exception of Col. Stebbins. Mr. A. S. Sherman read the finance report for the nine months which have passed this year. The total expenditure to date is as follows:

Rogers High School	\$6,043.00
Commonwealth School	5,184.87
Intermediate Schools	2,923.67
Primary Schools	6,341.03
Parish School	383.00
Kindergarten	810.00
Made	630.00
Drawing	630.00
Stationery	630.00
Salaries of janitors	2,069.28
Books of Reference	197.32
Stationery	123.69
Books of Indigent	153.81
Printing and Advertising	468.32
Books for Rogers High School	1.25
Chapel	25.00
Apparatus	87.85
Supplies	230.69
Signatures	230.69
Clerical Assistance	400.01
	\$79,881.32

The Committee on teachers were empowered to transfer Miss Downing to Miss Ward's school during the latter's illness and to place Miss Atkinson in Miss Downing's school. It was voted, on recommendation of the Committee on Teachers, to begin the evening schools Oct. 31 for a term of ten weeks, three evenings in a week and to transfer the Thames street evening school to Clark street. The teachers of the evening schools are Miss H. C. Ellery, Miss M. G. Ellery, Miss C. M. Vose, Miss Jeannette H. Swasey, Miss Daisy Allen, Miss M. C. Wilcox, Miss S. R. Hammond, Miss Nichols and Miss Dumont.

On recommendation of the Committee on Text Books it was voted to adopt the new National series of music readers. This is the same book as has been in the schools for some time revised and enlarged.

The superintendent reported that the total number of pupils in the schools this year is 2,147 against 2,054 last year. The truancy officer reported a number of cases of truancy which were attended to. Miss Wameley sent in a communication declining to receive girls from the public schools on the terms offered by the School Committee during school hours. The Committee gave her permission to receive them out of school hours and the teachers are requested to "encourage the attendance of the girls at such out of school hours as may be agreeable to their parents and themselves."

Emmanuel Church Work.

At a meeting of the parish of Emmanuel church, Thursday evening, October 6, the fall and winter work for the church was laid out and the several committees appointed. The Rector stated to his people that they had raised about \$7000 for the new Sunday School during the summer, and they wanted about \$8000 to complete the sum desired before commencing the work. The Fair, which was to have been held for this object, was postponed to see how much could be raised by subscription. They have now decided to hold the Fair the coming summer, thus giving the people a chance to work during the winter for its success. They will have four, if not five, of their interesting socials during the winter; the first by Mrs. A. O. Taylor's class; 2d, by Miss Newman's class; 3d, by Miss Endicott's class; 4th, by Mrs. J. M. Taylor's class; and, probably, the 5th by Mrs. H. H. Tilley's class. Also a course of free lectures by different clergymen.

Real Estate Sales.

Thomas Denniston has sold an undivided one-third interest in the estate on Long wharf, adjoining property of F. N. Barlow and James T. Kaul, to John Shanahan for \$400; and George Denniston, executor, has sold an undivided one-sixth interest in the same estate to the same party for \$200. A. P. Baker has sold for the estate of the late Wm. H. Ashurst 3907 square feet of land on Lincoln street to Henry B. Hazard for \$1197.00. Thomas Aylward has sold the estate on Pope street, adjoining lands of William Tripp and John H. Powell to Julia Aylward for \$1, etc. Daniel Watson has sold for the Ocean Highland Co., a lot of land on Highland Drive, Jamestown, containing about seven-eighths of an acre, to Mrs. Amette E. Tilden, of New York, for \$2,012.50.

The Veteran Firemen Association of Providence will visit Newport next week and will be entertained by the Firemen of Newport. There will be about 250 of them, and they will be accompanied by a band. They will also bring with them the old hand engine Gaspee. They will be received by Hercules Veteran Association of Newport and probably by other veteran Firemen Associations. A dinner will be furnished in No. 7 Engine House. General Burdick will have charge of the ceremonies. Hence our visiting firemen may expect to be well cared for.

The pulpit of the First Baptist church will be occupied to-morrow by the pastor, the Rev. E. P. Tuller. Services at 10:45 A. M. Young People's prayer meeting at 7 p. m. and preaching at 7:30.

Right Rev. Bishop Barkins will administer the rite of confirmation at St. Joseph's church to-morrow. During his stay in Newport he will be the guest of Father Coyle at the new parsonage.

Mr. P. J. Galvin is enjoying a week's needed recreation in Boston. He is accompanied by his sister, Miss Galvin. They drove from here to Boston with their own team.

Rev. F. P. Forbes, of Taunton, Mass., will preach at the Channing Memorial church next Sunday in exchange with the pastor.

General Boulanger.

It may be interesting to the readers of the Mercury to know some particulars about the General whose popularity has become paramount in France, and whose name has been found so often in the foreign press of the Old and New Continents.

Gorges-Ernest-Jean-Marie Boulanger was born in 1837, at Rennes, an old town of Brittany. He entered the military school of St. Cyr, in January, 1855, left it in October, 1858, with the commission of sub-lieutenant in the First Regiment of Sharp Shooters of Algeria; took part in the expedition of the Grande Kabylie, and was present in all the attacks directed against the mountain tribes of that region.

When, in 1859, Napoleon III had the insane idea (he rarely has any other) to declare war against Austria simply to free Italy from her yoke, the First Regiment of Sharp Shooters was sent to the peninsula, and arrived there just in time to take an active part in the combat of Turbigo, where the sub-lieutenant Boulanger had his chest pierced by a bullet. His gallant conduct won for him the cross of the Legion of Honor. After his recovery he was sent back to Africa, where he was nominated lieutenant in 1860.

Having embarked with his company for Cochinchina, he fought at the combat of Trai-Dun; there he received a thrust of the lance in the thigh.

In 1862 he was promoted to the rank of captain. Being highly appreciated by his superiors for his zeal and military talents, he was detached as captain-instructor to the school of St. Cyr. He was still there when, a few days after the declaration of the war of 1870, he was appointed chief of battalion and afterwards lieutenant-colonel.

He took part in the terrible battle of Champagne, where a bullet shattered his right shoulder. On that occasion he received the cross of Officer of the Legion of Honor. That noble decoration was well deserved, for the brave soldier had remained on horseback till the end of the battle, holding the bridle of his horse between his teeth, and his revolver with his left hand, encouraging his men, and showing thus almost superhuman endurance.

In January, 1871, he had scarcely recovered when he took, as colonel, the command of the 14th Regiment of Infantry, at the head of which he distinguished himself again and received his fourth wound in the elbow. His gallant conduct was rewarded with the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, a distinction rarely obtained by an officer relatively so young.

He was made general of brigade on the 4th of May, 1880.

As he speaks English fluently, the French Government gave him the presidency of the delegation sent to the United States on the occasion of the Centennial of the Independence. Having a distinguished personal appearance, amiable manners, and being a fine speaker he was a worthy representative of France, and those who have seen him know that he accomplished his mission to the satisfaction of all, and left a sympathetic remembrance in this country as well as in Canada.

After his return, the Minister of War intrusted to him the important charge of Director-General of the Infantry. No officer was better fitted than he for those high functions. Being an active and indefatigable worker he was soon to give an energetic impulsion to all the branches of his vast administration, and to render to the army, as reformer, organizer and tactician, those important services which established his fame and laid the foundation of his great popularity. Always present where others sent delegates, looking into every detail of the service, having no leisure for recreations, he tore himself away from his studies only to represent the Minister of War in some solemnities, where he electrified assemblies by his patriotic speeches, which carried far and wide the sacred fire with which he was animated.

Finally he was promoted to the highest rank in the army, that of general of division, on the 10th of February, 1884, after 29 years service, and became Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. Placed at the head of the army of occupation in Tunisia, he displayed there the true qualities of a general in chief and of an administrator of first order, and contributed to a great extent to the pacification of the country.

On the 7th of January, 1886, General Boulanger entered, as Minister of War, in the Council presided over by Mr. de Freycinet. In this supreme position he had full scope to carry out his plans. Also he went to work with body and soul, sparing neither time nor trouble. All his measures were dictated by the same principle, tended to the same purpose, viz: The complete organization of the French army, the regeneration of the military spirit, the exaltation of patriotism, and the amelioration of the well being of the soldier. He didn't wish the army to be any longer a place of exile for young men, but a large family of brothers, composed of seniors and juniors. By his order, bands were sent to the stations to greet and take to their respective regiments, the battalions of conscripts or reservists pointing in during the year, the music playing "the Marseillaise" during the march. In the front of the barracks, all the troops in parade dress and under arms, were presented, for which all must be prepared to fight one day and die if necessary!

He tried to free, as much as possible, the military service from all useless hardship, and substitute in the soul of the young soldier, sympathy to misery. That Nation, famous for her duplicity, thought she could not betray her gratitude to her liberators, and he found the ally of Germany and Austria, her former oppressor, that she might obtain a part of the French territory, in case France should be defeated in the great struggle that was to ensue in Europe. Brave people, those Italians are always siding with those they think the strongest, and from whom they expect the most.

trust, active devotion to duty, resulting from brutal treatments, such as they are still in use in other countries. He judged that new duties were imposed on an army composed, for the first time since the nation exists, of all available citizens from 20 to 40 years old.

We may judge of the amount of labor he performed by what one of his aids-de-camp, Captain Driant, said: "Never did we return home before half past two in the morning." At the time of the incident of Pagny* we did not sleep any more." And we may well imagine what must have been the exertion of a man like Boulanger, having at heart the honor of France, preparing to set into motion the gigantic machine called mobilization, comprising all the forces of the nation, something like 1,400,000 of infantry, 250,000 cavalry and 3000 cannons with 150,000 men of artillery. For relaxation he left the ministry and galloped to the different barracks of the city, questioned the sergeants in presence of the colonels, inquired about all the particulars of the service, visited the schools, hospitals, endeavoring to see everything by himself; starting next for the *champs de manœuvres* where he followed attentively the movements of every company, battalion, regiment, division; communicating at once his observations to the commanding officers. After all his exertions, which exhausted his general staff, he was still disposed to receive the "attaches militaires" (from foreign embassies), and he had a kind word for every one of them.

His method, as tactician, was based on a thorough knowledge of the disposition of the French soldiers to rush forward, instead of waiting for the attack of the enemy. He admitted the advanced lines of skirmishers, and after a general combat of the artillery he would give the order of a formidable, superhuman, irresistible and continuous charge of the whole army backed by all the reserves, marching by sections, preceded by the musics playing and the officers animating their men! In fact the real storm of an army by another! Such a terrific shock makes one shudder, and probably never the like shall have been seen before.

It is well known General Boulanger has no more wish for a war than the French people, who are well aware that, in all events, it would be a great national calamity to the country, only he said repeatedly: "Whatever we may do, war cannot be averted, it can only be postponed, and as we shall, sooner or later, be drawn into it, the wisest thing we can do is to prepare ourselves thoroughly for it." Such, I think, is also the expression of public opinion on that momentous question of peace or war.

The general having become incontestably the most popular and influential man in France, soon overshadowed all the leaders of the political parties, even the President of the Republic. As many of these "jawsmiths" care more for their private interest than for that of their country, and as the presence of the general would have made them feel cheap, they left him aside when they formed a new ministry. But he has not lost any of his popularity, whatever ignorant reporters may say to the contrary, and when the political clique of sham republicans known under the name of "opportunists," shall have been swept away from power, and replaced by genuine republicans, General Boulanger may yet be called to play an important part in the affairs of his country, and we all sincerely hope and trust the nation shall not be deceived in what she expects of him! She has had the misfortune to fall once under the rule of a Napoleon; she is entitled now to have a Washington!

AUGUSTE GAUTHIEROT.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Tell me to Ross Shepherd—Work in War Department—Growth of Government Business—Bank Statements—Post Office Department—Reports of Heads of Departments, Etc.

[Correspondence of the Mercury.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1887.
Thursday, Oct. 6, 1887, was a real red-letter day in the eventful history of the Capital of the United States, and it will long be a most glorious anniversary in its annals, for it was the time set apart for the great popular demonstration in honor of Alexander R. Shepherd, the former Governor of the District of Columbia, and the builder of Washington, in the opinion of thousands of Washingtonians, many of whom regard their greatest citizen—who after all is common clay—as a sort of superior being. Thousands—a great multitude—thronged Pennsylvania avenue and adjoining streets and the boom of cannon, the flash of torchlights, and the glare of fireworks, the blare of brass bands, and the tramp of the long line of footmen and horsemen, citizens and soldiers, preceded by several hundred bicyclists, bearing Chinese lanterns. All along the route the houses were adorned with the stars and stripes, and all Washington seemed to have turned out to give a more than royal greeting to the man it delights to honor. If this splendid popular pageant had been paid to a successful military hero returning from the pomp and triumph of blood fields, or to a statesman crowned with the laurels of civic renown, it would not have been the least wonderful; but that Mr. Shepherd, simply a private citizen, without power to favor or reward, should thus spontaneously receive this magnificent tribute and homage from the populace of his native city, is unique, and without a single parallel in the history of the United States; if, indeed, not that of the whole world as well. And if "Republics are ungrateful," the Capital of the greatest of Republics is scarcely no more.

The work on the fine State, War and Navy Department building, which is pronounced the grandest public structure in the Federal city, is nearing completion, and will, it is expected, be ready for occupation early next January. The constant and rapid growth of

our great Government departments—more particularly the Patent and Pension Offices—keep pace with the progress and upbuilding of the whole country. There are now several bureaus of the Interior Department domiciled outside of the main building, and it is the purpose of the authorities to remove the General Land Office from across to the Pension Office sometime within the next year, thus making room for such of the smaller bureaus as are crowded out and saving the Government huge rental.

Secretary Fairchild has issued a circular to the custom officials, urging their adoption of economic methods in the collection of custom duties, in view of the decreased appropriations for the purpose in question.

The Controller of the Currency has directed all national banks to prepare statements, showing the exact condition of their affairs at the close of business on Oct. 5, 1887—the object in doing so being obviously to guard against fraud and deception in these degenerate days.

The report of the Postoffice Department for the month of August, in the matter of selling postage stamps, makes a very gratifying exhibit—showing, as it does, that in seventy-six first class postoffices, there was a gain of more than twenty per cent. over the sales of the previous month.

Secretary Lamar is absorbed in making his annual report, which will be more voluminous than usual—dealing largely with the affairs of the Indians and lands and railroads.

The report of Commissioner of Patents filed to the Secretary of the Interior shows that the defalcation of H. Bacon, late financial clerk of the Patent Office, is \$30,000. His bond was only \$10,000, and there is a question whether or not his bondsmen will be liable for more than that amount.

The time fixed has expired without the Government being able to secure the fourteen million in four and four and a half per cent. bonds called, for by the September circular—the purchases only amounting to \$13,376,850.

History of Newport County.

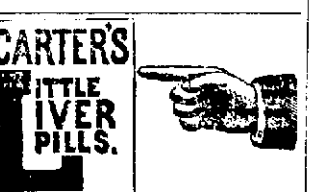
Messrs. Preston & Co. are making good progress with their history of Newport County. They have a large number of elegant views of Newport and surroundings which are to go in, and they will have some thirty or forty fine steel engravings of prominent people of this County, including governors and ex-governors, mayors, ex-mayors, etc. The people of the County should give the publishers a hearty cooperation in order that they can make the work as perfect as possible. This is not an experiment with Messrs. Preston & Co. They are well acquainted with the business they have undertaken and the public may be assured of a first-class history when completed. We have just examined a history published by them at Richmond County, New York, Staten Island. This work contains some 750 pages, printed on elegant paper in the best style of the typographical art. It contains some thirty steel engravings of prominent people all done by a well known artist, and as many more views and maps. The work is first class in every respect and will prove an ornament to any home. The publishers assure us that the history of Newport County will be even better than this one. If so, every subscriber will get his money's worth.

Mr. Edward M. Riley, who has been visiting Mr. J. R. Caswell on Bull street, during the past two weeks, returns to New York to-morrow night.



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